

# Beaver College News

Vol. 5

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1930

No. 5

## Basketball Team At Boston

### To Play Two Games— Team's First Trip to New England

While you girls are reading this paper, our notable basketball team will be starting on its way to Boston. There they will fight bravely to uphold their reputation as one of the finest womens' college teams of the East. But this time the battle is in foreign territory and in a city never before visited by a Beaver team. Because of the novelty of this encounter we must all hope for the same creditable success had while playing at home.

The team leaves Wednesday night, February 19, on the night train from Philadelphia. They arrive Thursday morning and then proceed to the Hotel Statler, their headquarters for the week-end. That same afternoon they will meet the Sargent School for Physical Education. On Friday, the team plays Posse Neisen whom they already opposed on our own campus. We defeated them that time, and are looking forward to a similar result this time. After the games are over the girls will remain in Boston for the week-end. This gives them ample opportunity to do some sight-seeing.

Miss Roberta Shafer, coach, Miss Virginia Rose, manager, and the Misses Janet Muir, Katherine Krementz, Ora Irwin and Mildred Schwartz are accompanying the team.

### BEAVER DEFEATS POSSE-NISSEN

#### Boston School Beaten 45-21

At 2.00 o'clock, February 7, in the gym, the Beaver basketball team defeated Posse-Nissen.

Posse-Nissen is a Physical Educational School of Boston, and the members of their team were the guests of Beaver over Friday night. The visitors were dressed in red bloomers, white middies, and high black stockings. The Beaver girls made a very nice appearance in their gray outfits.

The game started off with a bang. Beaver scored first when Helen Hall made a foul goal. Her sister followed with a field goal. These two girls played splendidly all through the game, as did the rest of the team. Cloda Mick played center but was replaced by Ceci Tripp during the last quarter of the game. Mildred Shafer played side-center and Henrietta Watts and Jane Barr were guards.

The score at the end of each quarter was as follows:

First, Beaver 14; Posse-Nissen, 3. Second, Beaver, 27; Posse-Nissen, 10. Third, Beaver, 38; Posse-Nissen, 14. Fourth, Beaver 45; Posse-Nissen, 21.

The game was very exciting and both the players and the watchers were on their toes every minute. There was a lot of applause every time a basket was made and the Hall sisters received a large share. During the game the cheer-leaders were on the job and the students showed fine spirit.

Our team entertained their visitors at a movie in Philadelphia Friday night after the game. The Posse Neisen girls left for Boston on Saturday morning immediately after breakfast.

Unusual Opportunity for PROM TROTTERS with the  
COLLEGIATE TRAVELOGUE

Inspired by the PURPLE AND GOLD ORCHESTRA  
at the

## JUNIOR PROMENADE

FEBRUARY 29th, 1930

GREY TOWERS

GLENSIDE, PA.

## Pentathlon Pledges New Members

### Six Weeks of Laughter— Pledgees Must Obey Orders

One of the outstanding events of the college year is the pledging and initiation of new members into Pentathlon. This honorary athletic society is the supporter of high ideals of good sportsmanship and cooperation. Eligibility includes the above-mentioned requirements plus two hundred and fifty points secured by making a Varsity team, class team and hiking a specified distance.

On February 5, before the formal pledging ceremony, the club held a glorious birthday party for one of its members who has just returned to school, Miss Thelma Thomas. The affair was held in the small dining room at Reaser Hall, with all members present. The table was decorated with the green and white colors of Pentathlon. Fruit salad, stuffed celery, olives and birthday cake were the additional delectable foods. It might also be added that two ex-presidents of the society attended the party, Miss Roberta Shafer and Miss Mary Everhart, both very active and prominent members in their day. Miss Esther Hedrick, the honorary faculty member, was also present.

At nine-thirty that same evening, Miss Mildred Shafer, president of Pentathlon, gave the pledged word to the six new girls, Misses Ann and Emma Parry, Jane Barr, Mildred Hayes, Cloda Mick, and Janet Schmertz. During the next six weeks these girls must be on the alert to fulfill every need and desire of their superiors. Occasionally, you may see one of your dear college-mates making a brave attempt to stand on her head, or perhaps almost pathetically trying to render a tenor solo from some opera. Don't become alarmed or anxious, she is merely exhibiting to Pentathlon, her formerly dormant talents. It is during this trial period that the girls have the fairest opportunity to prove themselves worthy of membership. All these tests are brought to a close with the public initiation held in the Beechwood Hills gymnasium.

Pentathlon members are anticipating a few weeks of merriment while the pledgees are equally anxious to display their varied capabilities, such as, singing, dancing and running numerous errands. When you see somebody walking through the halls, wearing a green and white pin with the initials P. S., give her an encouraging word. She is on the road to becoming a worthy Pentathlon member.

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## Beclex Club Presents Quality Street

### Date Set for February 26th Seats Are On Sale

For the last several weeks the after-chapel radio enthusiasts have been rudely interrupted by a group of students who claim the Green Parlors every evening. After the fans had withdrawn you would have seen these students busily rearranging furniture and then going through a series of strange actions. The conclusion you would have drawn would have been that they were acting.

They were Beclexians industriously working on their latest play. You will remember it. Marian Davies and Conrad Nagel were featured in it in the film version of J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street."

It takes you back to the period of the Napoleonic Wars, of brave gentlemen and modest dainty ladies. The light whimsicality of Barrie's writings pervades the atmosphere and you can almost feel touches of his subtle charm. The "three old maids of Quality Street" are indeed amusing with their prim views and the ease with which they are shocked. Mary Mytton, Annette Wright and Doris Brown portray these good ladies most cleverly. Then you will meet the Throssel sisters. Miss Susan middle-aged, who is also an old maid, but much more likeable than the others. Virginia Young is charming in this part. Her younger sister, Miss Phoebe, is incidentally the heroine. She is the most vivacious of the group and quite often shocks the other staid ladies. Lois Whitehouse has been chosen for this part. We mustn't forget Patty, the good-natured maid who knows everything that happens on Quality Street. Alice Gray hides behind the Irish brogue.

You will become acquainted with several brave soldiers, among whom are Ensign Blades and Lieutenant Spicer, in real life we know them as Josephine Roberts and Alice Wagner. But the bravest and most heroic of all is the dashing Captain Valentine Brown, who captures the hearts of all the ladies. Eleanor Hampden portrays the role admirably. June Wills, Pat Smith, Bessie Teplitz, May Malone and Madeline Palma will give you a good laugh as innocent little boys and girls in the Misses Throssel's school.

Beclex plans to present this entertaining production in the Thomas Chapel on the Jenkintown Campus on the evening of February 26th at the usual time things begin around here. The first ten

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## Snippy Junior

### The Social Hound

Most of the girls probably don't recognize me dressed all in black, but then, black has always been such a becoming shade—and incidentally my mother died last week. So you see, these clothes have a dual personality—like myself. I suppose you all saw the notice of mother's death. It was rather sudden, but that is one of the commoner occurrences of life, even in the best of families.

You are worrying how to get notice of your social activities into the paper now that Susie Snipkins has died. Aren't you? Well, mother did not carry all her talents to the grave. Fortunately many of them are still six feet above ground in the tiny head of Snippy Junior. In all probabilities I shall never be as accomplished as Mother Snipkins, the dear soul. She certainly knew her gossip. Just be patient and bear with me in my sorrows while I put my best foot forward. (No, I am not a cripple, just a social reporter).

While my poor father mourns his loss, I go forth to Beaver College to earn my bread and water (not chipped beef). Be kind to me, dear friends, even if it is only for dead mother Susie's sake.

Thanks for your many condolence cards and especially the beautiful flowers. They were so pretty on that new dress of mine. If you have a moment's time, go and visit Susie Snipkin's grave at the Columbia Cemetery, New York City.

May her soul rest in peace.

Helen Linz spent last week-end with her sister, Mrs. Barnes, of New Haven. Incidentally, she attended the Wesleyan Winter Dance with a Yale crew coach—no less. And she actually lived to come back and tell us about it, too.

Over in Ryder Hall Jane Musick informed me that she is going to visit a friend in Ridgewood, N. J. Prom week-end. Her suite-mates are all going to Prom, Janet Schmertz with Al Westney from Penn Law School, Pat Smith with Don Randall from Princeton, and Phyllis Arnold with Charles Rudolph of Philadelphia.

Ruth Brown will spend Prom week-end in Montclair with her former room-mate, Elsie Olson, while Marjorie Maish is coming back to go to Prom with Kathleen Strassburger and Edwin F. Carter, Jr., of Philadelphia.

Of course Pat Crosby is having Joe Gasteiger, a Pi Kappa Alpha from Penn and—Tennessee.

Bobby Bowker is having Paul Dawson, a Phi Kappa Psi from Penn.

Down in Dot Samuelson's room I discovered that she and Sis Strole are having Swarthmore boys—one Edwin DeLaney by name, who is a Phi Delta Theta and president of the Freshman class is to be Sis Strole's Prom man.

Jean Brown is having Wesley Black, a Phi Gam from Rutgers.

Frances Layman says that Bob Redman, a Phi Delta Theta from Swarthmore, is actually coming to the Prom—even if he does have to wait until after the Gettysburg basketball game.

Speaking of Gettysburg, George Lucas, a Phi Sigma Kappa from there, is coming down with the rest of the Gettysburg boys. Of course he's coming down for Lois Whitehouse.

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# Beaver College News

Published bi-weekly by the Students of Beaver College for Women  
Jenkintown, Pa.

Subscription, Per Year .....\$2.50

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1930

## THIS THING CALLED LOVE

Love is a sugar coating on the trouble. It thrills you, scares you, worries you, drags you down to the depths of despair, and lifts you to sublime heights of ethereal ecstasy. It's awful, it's exciting, it's pathetic, it's wonderful. Men are selfish puffed-up, egotistic; chivalry went out with knighthood and know it's the woman who pays. All of which reminds me, that Valentine's Day was February 14th and June and roses are coming.

## To Whom It May Concern

This I suppose will start out and call itself an editorial chiefly due to the elements of derision—in editorials. Editorials deride the government which is presumably, if one is patriotic, an infallible sort of thing, reminiscent of wars, Washington, Lincoln and slavery.

So if the government and its policies are to be criticized in a nation's press, why not allow the student body a little free thought in the Beaver College News on co-operation or something intelligent like that, instead of the usual banality, such as, "please fix the chairs so my stockings won't run," or else, "here's a plea for better food?" It is ridiculous to submit an article on one's digestive organs and besides we still have chipped beef. So here's to the broadening of the limitations of this paper as set forth by the censors. When this feat is accomplished, it will be possible to discuss co-operation from the view point of a modern who would like to speak some truth. The Beaver College News is edited and published by the students and contributions are from the students, then why not make it an expression of thoughts which are unanimously shared by all the girls?

This part though probably impossible to edit consists of a little dissertation on the relation between the Board of Faculty and the Student Body. If the college wishes co-operation, we should be allowed a little operation.

Why to really tell some of the truths of college life would be the same as a cold shower outdoors in winter. That is a dreadfully insipid comparison but the idea is there.

The advantage of the Faculty in years does not necessarily bring any expanse of knowledge of the younger generation. Elders are only elders due to an accident of birth. Why do they not realize their position of authority and sophistication as merely founded basically on chance. Respect! We owe respect. We have slept, risen and fed on the idea of respect. We must respect persons whose ideas are a direct antithesis to ours. We must respect people whose intelligence is noticeably felt of an inferior type. Well, well, well, we could rave on forever over this business of subjugation and probably never scratch the epidermat layer of the regnat council. But here is one hope, voiced, that this may cause someone to begin to see we are not entirely pusillanimous, and that—the war song to be shouted is "We Are Able To Take Care of Ourselves." Thank you!

An after thought. An excellent

example of co-operation can be noticed in the attitude of the executives to the students' annual May Day which promises to be a charity case or else a has been. What Beaver needs to give that feeling of nobless oblige is a few good examples of customs, such as, class distinction, and annual fete days. How about a little support for the altruistic work of making Beaver better advertised and more the altruistic work of making Beaver better advertised and more the "growing institution."

## The Specific Pleasure To Be Derived from Music

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

Some people derive more enjoyment from listening to a great artist sing or play, than anything else. But I do not seem to feel the thrill of music when I hear it played for me. I would much rather sit before a flickering fire and imagine shadow music softly playing. You might better realize my feelings about shadow music if I told you about a wonderful pianist I once knew who taught me about imaginative music.

Born of wealthy self-centered parents, he had been a typical "poor little rich boy." As a little lad with brown curls and an earnest sad face, he had sat the great piano day after day creating his own play-mates, fairy stories, and loved ones. Later as a young artist of extraordinary talent, he had traveled with this same instrument as his companion, playing to enraptured audiences, weaving for them a wonderland.

Now! he could see it all—the on-rushing car, a crash, and then forgetfulness. The doctors had said that in order to live he must lose his hands. Why did they not let him die? Never again could he bring forth wild prophecies of the future, restore the days of knights and ladies, enfold all the world before his vision by running slim white fingers over the sensitive keys of the great piano.

One day after his pitiful accident, he forgot to grieve over his loss and became aware of a certain imaginative world about him. He would watch the clouds of the heavens and waves of the sea and became an interested spectator at the initial performance of his visionary drama. Here was a garden by the sea where children played by day and loved one held their tryst by night; there, a grotesque clown, fairies, lovers, common folks all danced, wept, and lived in front of him.

It was shadow music which would mean nothing to the bustling materialistic world but to this artist of fate it was a new beginning.

And that is why I appreciate what he taught me of imagination and unheard music.

## JUNIOR PROM

Interest in the Junior Prom is now at its height and leads us to raise the question: Are you all going? The members of the various committees have promised us that this is to be the biggest and best ever. Friday, February 21, is the night looked forward to by the whole college, but more than anything else it is the Juniors' night. Although all classes are included, it is really the Juniors who are giving it to us. Of course, we know that they are hugely enjoying the whole thing (but appreciation manifested on the art of the other classes would make prospects more thrilling. But that worthy class, alone, cannot make a success of an affair that is for the whole school even though some of them are on strict diet and are squandering money on expensive facial creams.

The Junior Prom is an annual event. For years past it has been the outstanding occasion of the college year, which it will continue to be as long as there is a Junior class to uphold the traditions of the school. Perhaps scores of years from now girls will be dancing at the annual prom over at the Towers. Just as they will dance Friday evening. But the girls who are students at Beaver today will not be there ten or twenty years from now. Many of them are spending their last year in college and will have no more chances to attend the one dance which is most typical of college life at its best, the Junior Prom. A large number of girls are not planning to go to the prom because, as they say, they will be here next year and will go then. Why wait for next year? Who knows whether it will be possible to go next year, while this year is a splendid opportunity.

Quite a number of Beaver alumnae are returning to college for the Prom, which will add distinction to the affair. With such a perfect background as the castle for all your new gowns and graces, it is really missing a great occasion if you do not go. We have heard that three of the best orchestras to be had have been obtained, and the latest syncopation of jazzdom will bewitch the lucky ones there. All of which means: Get your bid and invite him now!

## FRESHMEN GIVE TEA IN HONOR OF SENIORS

Thursday afternoon, February 6, found the Reception Room of Grey Towers literally filled with green beret Freshmen, all eager to entertain their guests, the Seniors.

Mrs. Haines graciously poured, while those on the committee in charge, the chairman of which was Miss Franzeska Walker, served the upper classmen with delicious tea, lovely cup cakes and dainty cookies.

Various members of the Freshman class performed during the course of the tea. Miss Gertrude Jones gave a reading, "Taint Nothin' to Laugh At"—but contrary to the title of the piece, all seemed to find it very amusing. The two red-headed Davidson sisters, Bessie and Daisy, did a very clever dance, "East Side, West Side," which received much well-deserved applause. Miss Gavina Walker also entertained by singing a charming song entitled, "Star Eyes."

The remainder of the afternoon was spent dancing to snappy jazz played by Isabel La Count, well known for her nimble fingers.

All agreed that the tea was a great success and that the afternoon had been a thoroughly enjoyable one.

## VOX POP

Dear V. P.

Hark ye! I'm on the verge of becoming Beaver's emancipator! Why? You'd be surprised.

You see, the girls on the third floor are incessantly complaining about the endless hike to their rooms when they are dead tired after strenuous classes, or at any time for that matter. And the third floor is really the fourth floor, if you count the first vooor. (Figger it out yourself).

I am one of those sufferers—and by the way, it is much worse if you take piano lessons. Then it is five weary flights from the practice rooms to your sanctuary. So—why not remove the fourth floor to the third? The building would have the same number of stories from the outside, but there would be a subtle, internal change. That's my "story" and I'll stick to it. Exit!

Sally Mander

My Dear Miss Mander,

Your letter shows you to be a girl of intelligence—inferior intelligence. We were confused—in fact so mixed up that when we finished reading your complaint we went to the roof for dinner. We can only offer sympathy and suggest that you become an alumnae and donate an escalator. (If they are used at that time).

V. P.

My dear Vox Pop,

We are two girls—roommates—who are very susceptible to colds. Since we are determined young ladies, we decided to trace the causes of these abominations to their roots. Sherlock Holmes should blush with shame, for we have quickly and accurately located the chief causes. Yes, the radiators! In the morning our room is freezing. We are considering buying leggings and ear muffs; by noon it is just right—but we have classes until then; during the late afternoon it varies from extreme cold to incredible heat; and at night—ah! It is then that we acquire our envied sun-tan; the room is so hot that the inside of a furnace would feel like the cool ocean breezes. Could you possibly suggest any method whereby we might take the average of all these temperature and then live in comfort?

Hopefully,

Meta More Phosis  
Juliette Dinner

Dear Meta and Juliette,

Your letter speaks for itself. You have solved your own problem, better than we could ever have hoped to do it. Take the average, divide by six, and the answer is—NO!

V. P.

## VOX POP

Dear Vox Pop,

Somewhere in the recesses of my mind, in the memory of those well-known words uttered by Abe Lincoln, Daniel Webster or Virginia Rose—I'm not quite such which of those it was—which go something like this, "A stitch in time is worth a pound of cure." That doesn't sound quite right but anyhow here's my point. Every time we have a dance, the girls in Reaser Hall feel that they are at liberty to go off schedule and take a bath on the day of the big event rather than on the preceding Saturday night. Please understand that I am not complaining about the sudden cleanliness—just this—can't the janitors, plumbers or some other important people see to it that there is an extra amount of hot water on the 21st of February so that we unfortunates who have classes until late afternoon will not be obliged to chop our way through an icy bath? Really, after one has gone through such an experience she well appreciates how Eliza must have felt.

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# LITERARY PAGE

## PROM TIME

Perfunctory glances through wardrobes; trailing chiffons and glistening satins alike discarded in shimmering heaps upon the floor. Soft whispered words of consultation, imprecation, desecration. Hurred expeditions to the city. Flurry of hands and a flutter of hearts. Mail, huge stacks of it—going out and eager hordes gathered about the post office. Sweet tears of relief, like pearls, bitter laughter of disappointment, like broken glass. Silence of regret. More letters dispatched; more imploring invitations and urgent commands arrived at Lehigh, Penn., Lafayette and Princeton. Flushed faces, nervous voices. Murmurs of protest, of anticipation swelling as the fatal date draws near, swelling to a roar—a roar of confused murmurs, like that of the ocean, surrounding, encircling, but intangible. And then from this chaos of whispers arises one distinct, penetrating: "Who is he?" "Who's e?" "Whoizze?" as each maid parleys with her roommate. And as each roommate makes reply—more confusion:—"He's cute—" "He's darling—" "He's wonderful—" "He's stunning—" "—his dancing—" "—his smile—" "—his technique—"—Ah, if one of us could but bring a composite of "all these endearing young charms!" How welcome would he be among us; what a paragon; what a god from the Olympian heights of college fraternity houses.

But who could attract so glittering a magnet? For could a dream girl be found, a damsel of peerless beauty, of infinite allure, of consummate cleverness—she would toss aloft her proud head and would have none of him. Such is feminine perversity.

Yet, as Prom time approaches each maiden resplendent in gala attire, fare forth upon a quest. Perhaps for her purpose she assumes a blase sangfroid, perhaps a shy timidity; but her soul is that of a witch. For this is the night of nights. Armed with her mystic charms she seeks to enthrall the man of her dreams.

## FIRE-SIDE DREAMS

The whirl of wind outside;  
The glowing of coals inside;  
Comfort and warmth;  
Rain and cold;  
In this fire Life itself is told.

Each ember a dream;  
Each flame a scheme;  
Two people side by side.  
The whole future before them  
In this fire lies.

The bursting of flame  
May mean one dream is gone.  
But in the glowing embers  
Dreams still linger on.

So while the fire glows,  
And the rain and wind blows,  
Life with its dreams,  
Life with its schemes,  
All in these flames go on.

## ON TO BOSTON

Beaver's basket-ball team  
Is smooth as can be;  
There's none any letter  
As far as I see.

It's fastness and keenness,  
And fairness combined;  
They enter a game  
And its "fight" all the time.

They've captured all glory  
In neighboring states:  
Now, they're going to Boston  
To see how they rate.

Tommy C. Thomas

## MOODS

One dismal autumn day at twilight, after a hard day's work that had caused much mental strain, I was wandering home languidly, physically tired, yet mentally alert. It seemed so odd that while my body was tired, my mind, like a well-oiled machine was very active. However, this sensation was not a new one with me, and is probably experienced to a certain degree by everyone; and on this particular occasion my mind seemed so active so non-resistant to the influx of ideas, that I took a pleasure in noticing its peculiar function; peculiar inasmuch as it wandered on to strange thoughts and morbid ideas which would not have come to me in a more normal state.

My first strange experience occurred when I reached home. My brother and some of his friends were gathered together in one dimly lighted corner of the living room. One was playing jazz on the piano, while the others were softly clapping their hands in time in the slow, syncopated rhythm. Another was singing in a high-falsetto-like voice, ejaculating ludicrous and idiotic noises that were adequate, however for the swaying rhythm. The music seemed to express to me the lowest possible form of human emotion; and their being huddled there in the dim light, enjoying this music as if in secret—as if ashamed of their self-expression—all seemed obscene, disgusting, and even sinful.

I hurried away; I was nervous and wanted rest and quiet. Instead of retiring immediately, as I should have done, I picked up my book and started to read, being conscious only now and then of the faint sound of the piano downstairs. My reading must have lasted for hours, because my brain became strangely fatigued, and not only did I begin to stare blankly at the page, not noticing the page itself nor the letters there. Stupidly I gazed at them, contemplating them till to me they lost their meaning as syllables of thought. When I began to experience the sensation that the "b's" were queer bloated figures, and the "g's" looked angry and menacing, I threw down the book, deciding that I had gone far enough.

As I lay in bed, longing for sleep to ease my tired mind and body, thoughts, seemingly endless, were flying through my head. The wind was roaring dismally outside, and once I heard the wail of a distant train whistle. Loneliness, sorrow, and dejection crept over my soul, sinking my spirit into profoundest melancholy. And in this nerve-wrought state, there swept over me weird feelings and ideas, such as one might experience while under the influence of a drug. Images of faces which I had seen during the day, flashed into my mind and remained there for several moments. The vaguest reminiscence of conversation which I heard during the day tinkled in my ears, not with any meaning, but as a clattering sound which mingled occasionally with strains of the music that had ceased long ago.

The next thing of which I remember becoming conscious was the noise of the water boiling in the radiator beside my bed. This constant throbbing and palpitation soon entered my being and I felt as though the radiator were an animate object beside me there in the darkness. Opening my eyes for a moment, I glanced at the window pane and noticed two black spots upon it, suggesting to me immediately, by force of habit, their resemblance to a pair of eyes. One of the spots was larger than the other,

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## BOOK REVUE

### LAUGHING BOY

By Oliver La Farge

Unlike almost every other Indian story ever written "Laughing Boy" is entirely easy to read. The story impresses the reader as being extremely interesting and very colorful in its delightful sweep. Historical facts are correctly mentioned but not brought out as a main issue. This is a reason why the reader never loses the characteristic swing and absorbing interest by boring details.

The splendid character delineation is beneficial as well as entertaining to the reader. Throughout the book the experiences and ceremonies with their charming intonations reveal amazing as well as amusing facts about these red-skinned humans. The chief character is of course, Laughing Boy, who belongs with the Navajo Pueblo tribe living in the cliffs.

The circumstance ever familiar in every nation enters into this story, also. Laughing Boy feels that his family and the others of his tribe do not approve of the wife he has chosen while he was away on a spree at the big celebration on the reservation. He has met Slim Girl during that glorious time, when they danced together.

Slim Girl, an orphan, who has been educated by the American Government, consents to marry him soon after their meeting.

They get married and live happily enough in the maiden's hut, which they soon regard as their own.

When the stalks were past waist-high, he took her into the field, at evening when the soft breeze made the leaves sing and whisper. He talked to her of Corn Maiden and Pollen Boy, and of how the first man and woman had been created from corn. Her eyes opened to it all with much understanding.

In this story the reader sees the determined nature portrayed, a nature which can not be moved unless convinced. Slim Girl lives a double life, we might say; for she secretly visits the home of a white cow-puncher on the reservation. On such occasions she dons her Sears and Roebuck dress and is known as Lillian. Yet she has a method in her madness. Upon this white man she takes her revenge for what the Americans on the whole have done to her happiness. American education has implanted American ideals and standards of living in the heart and mind of an Indian maiden. Her kisses prove to be her weapons and her smiles are war-path smiles. Strong thoughts run through her head; even her husband, Laughing Boy, can not understand her—until the end.

The young Navajo describes his love for his wife in this crudely explanatory way:

"I have been down Old Age River in a log, with sheet-lighting and rainbows and soft rain, and the gods on either side to guide me. The eagles have put lightning snakes and sunbeams and rainbows under me, I have been through a little hole in the rocks with Red God and seen the homes of the butterflies and mountain sheep and divine ones. I have heard the Four Singers on the Four Mountains. I mean that woman."

How he really came to know his magic, bewitching Slim Girl is easily discovered by reading the complete story in quietude. A strange kind of hozoji or happiness came to them both. The discovery leaves the reader breathless and with much over which to ponder.

## THE MODERN COMEDY

The modern novel is a strange stratification containing all sorts of writing from the fable to the carefully worked out bit of love psychology. In the early days there was a pattern—two lovers, fleeing from a group, who were trying to separate them. Then there was the case of two people desiring the same thing, and, subsequent contention for it. There are two fundamental situations of narrative action. Fiction like a monologue—just changing colors, and coming back, and fiction with a human face expressed. Zane Grey uses the latter means of expression. The following five books show a marvelous range in modern novel: Good Companions, by Priestly; The Modern Comedy, by John Galsworthy; Ultima Thule, by Richardson; The Captive, by Proust, and Field of Honor, by Byrne.

The Modern Comedy by John Galsworthy is very well done. It deals with England's condition after the war. The White Monkey, the first part of the book, is symbolic of these conditions. There is good material about England from 1880-1926. Critics have said that Galsworthy writes about conditions which he neither knows or understands, in this book.

Soames Forsyte is an excellent example of powerful character development. One begins with a bitter hatred for the man but in the end he compels our admiration. The change is gradual and imperceptible. Fleur has a cynical turn of mind induced by a series of hardships, but John's wife and Holly are delightful characters. The Forsytes believed in stability and good investments, but this was not carried out on The Modern Comedy.

There isn't any robust humor as there should be in six novels about one family. The author's conversation is intended to be like George Meredith's, but the feat is not quite accomplished. Galsworthy is primarily an emotionalist and not a thinker and should be judged as such.

## LAUDATION

There comes a date in every year,  
When we must have our fun,  
And dancing seems the only way  
To satisfy each one.  
We'll call out bands, the very best,  
We'll shout to all, "Come on  
We're going to have a snazzy time  
This year at Junior Prom."

The girls will prim and fuss with dress,  
And rave about "my man."  
The boys will turn out stiff and straight,  
And lend a willing hand  
To make the party full of pep,  
To say forever on—  
"By golly, what a time I had  
At Beaver's Junior Prom."

T. C. T.

## LOVE

Love is the wind;  
Love is the rain;  
Love is this thing  
All over again.

Love once begun  
In the ages old,  
Can never fade,  
And always be told.

Love is understanding;  
Love is demanding;  
Love is a marvel  
Of Life itself.

What would this world be  
Without someone to love?  
Love's like a dream,  
Always ahead.



# LITERARY PAGE

## PROM TIME

Perfunctory glances through wardrobes; trailing chiffons and glistening satins alike discarded in shimmering heaps upon the floor. Soft whispered words of consultation, imprecation, desecration. Hurred expeditions to the city. Flurry of hands and a flutter of hearts. Mail, huge stacks of it—going out and eager hordes gathered about the post office. Sweet tears of relief, like pearls, bitter laughter of disappointment, like broken glass. Silence of regret. More letters dispatched; more imploring invitations and urgent commands arrived at Lehigh, Penn., Lafayette and Princeton. Flushed faces, nervous voices. Murmurs of protest, of anticipation swelling as the fatal date draws near, swelling to a roar—a roar of confused murmurs, like that of the ocean, surrounding, encircling but intangible. And then from this chaos of whispers arises one distinct, penetrating: "Who is he?" "Who's e?" "Whoizze?" as each maid parleys with her roommate. And as each roommate makes reply—more confusion:—"He's cute—" "He's darling—" "He's wonderful—" "He's stunning—" "—his dancing—" "—his smile—" "—his technique—"—Ah, if one of us could but bring a composite of "all these endearing young charms!" How welcome would he be among us; what a paragon; what a god from the Olympian heights of college fraternity houses.

But who could attract so glittering a magnet? For could a dream girl be found, a damsel of peerless beauty, of infinite allure, of consummate cleverness—she would toss aloft her proud head and would have none of him. Such is feminine perversity.

Yet, as Prom time approaches each maiden resplendent in gala attire, fare forth upon a quest. Perhaps for her purpose she assumes a blase sangfroid, perhaps a shy timidity; but her soul is that of a witch. For this is the night of nights. Armed with her mystic charms she seeks to enthrall the man of her dreams.

## FIRE-SIDE DREAMS

The whirl of wind outside;  
The glowing of coals inside;  
Comfort and warmth;  
Rain and cold;  
In this fire Life itself is told.

Each ember a dream;  
Each flame a scheme;  
Two people side by side.  
The whole future before them  
In this fire lies.

The bursting of flame  
May mean one dream is gone.  
But in the glowing embers  
Dreams still linger on.

So while the fire glows,  
And the rain and wind blows,  
Life with its dreams,  
Life with its schemes,  
All in these flames go on.

## ON TO BOSTON

Beaver's basket-ball team  
Is smooth as can be;  
There's none any letter  
As far as I see.

It's fastness and keenness,  
And fairness combined;  
They enter a game  
And its "fight" all the time.

They've captured all glory  
In neighboring states:  
Now, they're going to Boston  
To see how they rate.

Tommy C. Thomas

## MOODS

One dismal autumn day at twilight, after a hard day's work that had caused much mental strain, I was wandering home languidly, physically tired, yet mentally alert. It seemed so odd that while my body was tired, my mind, like a well-oiled machine was very active. However, this sensation was not a new one with me, and is probably experienced to a certain degree by everyone; and on this particular occasion my mind seemed so active so non-resistant to the influx of ideas, that I took a pleasure in noticing its peculiar function; peculiar inasmuch as it wandered on to strange thoughts and morbid ideas which would not have come to me in a more normal state.

My first strange experience occurred when I reached home. My brother and some of his friends were gathered together in one dimly lighted corner of the living room. One was playing jazz on the piano, while the others were softly clapping their hands in time in the slow, syncopated rhythm. Another was singing in a high-falsetto-like voice, ejaculating ludicrous and idiotic noises that were adequate, however for the swaying rhythm. The music seemed to express to me the lowest possible form of human emotion; and their being huddled there in the dim light, enjoying this music as if in secret—as if ashamed of their self-expression—all seemed obscene, disgusting, and even sinful.

I hurried away; I was nervous and wanted rest and quiet. Instead of retiring immediately, as I should have done, I picked up my book and started to read, being conscious only now and then of the faint sound of the piano downstairs. My reading must have lasted for hours, because my brain became strangely fatigued, and not only did I begin to stare blankly at the page, not noticing the page itself nor the letters there. Stupidly I gazed at them, contemplating them till to me they lost their meaning as syllables of thought. When I began to experience the sensation that the "b's" were queer bloated figures, and the "g's" looked angry and menacing, I threw down the book, deciding that I had gone far enough.

As I lay in bed, longing for sleep to ease my tired mind and body, thoughts, seemingly endless, were flying through my head. The wind was roaring dismally outside, and once I heard the wail of a distant train whistle. Loneliness, sorrow, and dejection crept over my soul, sinking my spirit into profoundest melancholy. And in this nerve-wrought state, there swept over me weird feelings and ideas, such as one might experience while under the influence of a drug. Images of faces which I had seen during the day, flashed into my mind and remained there for several moments. The vaguest reminiscence of conversation which I heard during the day tinkled in my ears, not with any meaning, but as a clattering sound which mingled occasionally with strains of the music that had ceased long ago.

The next thing of which I remember becoming conscious was the noise of the water boiling in the radiator beside my bed. This constant throbbing and palpitation soon entered my being and I felt as though the radiator were an animate object beside me there in the darkness. Opening my eyes for a moment, I glanced at the window pane and noticed two black spots upon it, suggesting to me immediately, by force of habit, their resemblance to a pair of eyes. One of the spots was larger than the other.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

## BOOK REVUE

### LAUGHING BOY

By Oliver La Farge

Unlike almost every other Indian story ever written "Laughing Boy" is entirely easy to read. The story impresses the reader as being extremely interesting and very colorful in its delightful sweep. Historical facts are correctly mentioned but not brought out as a main issue. This is a reason why the reader never loses the characteristic swing and absorbing interest by boring details.

The splendid character delineation is beneficial as well as entertaining to the reader. Throughout the book the experiences and ceremonies with their charming intonations reveal amazing as well as amusing facts about these red-skinned humans. The chief character is of course, Laughing Boy, who belongs with the Navajo Pueblo tribe living in the cliffs.

The circumstance ever familiar in every nation enters into this story, also. Laughing Boy feels that his family and the others of his tribe do not approve of the wife he has chosen while he was away on a spree at the big celebration on the reservation. He has met Slim Girl during that glorious time, when they danced together.

Slim Girl, an orphan, who has been educated by the American Government, consents to marry him soon after their meeting.

They get married and live happily enough in the maiden's hut, which they soon regard as their own.

When the stalks were past waist-high, he took her into the field, at evening when the soft breeze made the leaves sing and whisper. He talked to her of Corn Maiden and Pollen Boy, and of how the first man and woman had been created from corn. Her eyes opened to it all with much understanding.

In this story the reader sees the determined nature portrayed, a nature which can not be moved unless convinced. Slim Girl lives a double life, we might say; for she secretly visits the home of a white cow-puncher on the reservation. On such occasions she dons her Sears and Roebuck dress and is known as Lillian. Yet she has a method in her madness. Upon this white man she takes her revenge for what the Americans on the whole have done to her happiness. American education has implanted American ideals and standards of living in the heart and mind of an Indian maiden. Her kisses prove to be her weapons and her smiles are war-path smiles. Strong thoughts run through her head; even her husband, Laughing Boy, can not understand her—until the end.

The young Navajo describes his love for his wife in this crudely explanatory way:

"I have been down Old Age River in a log, with sheet-lighting and rainbows and soft rain, and the gods on either side to guide me. The eagles have put lightning snakes and sunbeams and rainbows under me, I have been through a little hole in the rocks with Red God and seen the homes of the butterflies and mountain sheep and divine ones. I have heard the Four Singers on the Four Mountains. I mean that woman."

How he really came to know his magic, bewitching Slim Girl is easily discovered by reading the complete story in quietude. A strange kind of hozoji or happiness came to them both. The discovery leaves the reader breathless and with much over which to ponder.

## THE MODERN COMEDY

The modern novel is a strange stratification containing all sorts of writing from the fable to the carefully worked out bit of love psychology. In the early days there was a pattern—two lovers, fleeing from a group, who were trying to separate them. Then there was the case of two people desiring the same thing, and, subsequent contention for it. There are two fundamental situations of narrative action. Fiction like a monologue—just changing colors, and coming back, and fiction with a human face expressed. Zane Grey uses the latter means of expression. The following five books show a marvelous range in modern novel: Good Companions, by Priestly; The Modern Comedy, by John Galsworthy; Ultima Thule, by Richardson; The Captive, by Proust, and Field of Honor, by Byrne.

The Modern Comedy by John Galsworthy is very well done. It deals with England's condition after the war. The White Monkey, the first part of the book, is symbolic of these conditions. There is good material about England from 1880-1926. Critics have said that Galsworthy writes about conditions which he neither knows or understands, in this book.

Soames Forsyte is an excellent example of powerful character development. One begins with a bitter hatred for the man but, in the end he compels our admiration. The change is gradual and imperceptible. Fleur has a cynical turn of mind induced by a series of hardships, but John's wife and Holly are delightful characters. The Forsytes believed in stability and good investments, but this was not carried out on The Modern Comedy.

There isn't any robust humor as there should be in six novels about one family. The author's conversation is intended to be like George Meredith's, but the feat is not quite accomplished. Galsworthy is primarily an emotionalist and not a thinker and should be judged as such.

## LAUDATION

There comes a date in every year,  
When we must have our fun,  
And dancing seems the only way  
To satisfy each one.  
We'll call out bands, the very best,  
We'll shout to all, "Come on  
We're going to have a snazzy time  
This year at Junior Prom."

The girls will prim and fuss with dress,  
And rave about "my man."  
The boys will turn out stiff and straight,  
And lend a willing hand  
To make the party full of pep,  
To say forever on—  
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## LOVE

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In the ages old,  
Can never fade,  
And always be told.

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Love is demanding;  
Love is a marvel  
Of Life itself.

What would this world be  
Without someone to love?  
Love's like a dream,  
Always ahead.

## Snippy Junior

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)

Sarah Leigh is having Barton Purdy Ferris, a Phi Kappa Psi from Swarthmore. Look him over girls, he's really smooth.

At Grey Towers the girls are busy making Prom plans, too. Marjorie Shepard is having Richard M. Evans, Jr., over from Princeton.

Betty Brown is having Bill Hill, a Phi Gam from Amherst, down, while Virginia Catlin is having Harry Bland over from New York City and Midge Wooster expects Gilbert Carr from Flushing.

Ellen Smith and Mary Niemyer are having Dave McAfee and Harold Wagoner, Phi Kappa Alpha, from Penn.

Between descriptions and explanations of the boy friends, Marion La France declared that she intends to go home to Wyoming, Pa. Jimmy seems to be the one who is to get the break this time. Elizabeth Gay, her cousin, will go along with her, of course.

Betty Stover hopes to spend an enjoyable week-end with her aunt at Trenton, N. J. We know a few things about Trenton, Betty, so watch your step.

The dance given by the Delphian Club of Lebanon Valley College is to be honored with the presence of our own Martha Jane Goughnour. Well, all we can say is that the dance is bound to be a successful affair.

Edith Lloyd, of Olyphant, Pa., is taking Mebs Apgar home with her. Thelma Kisz is bound for home as well as Helen Storm, her roommate. Stanhope, N. J., claims Thelma, while Helen hails from Fullerton, Pa.

Eleanor Mellow intends to spend the two off-days in Bristol, Pa., visiting her cousin, whom she has not seen in years.

Bertha Lawrence, otherwise known as "Pete," has been invited out to big times at Bordentown Military Academy. "Pete's" main worry at the present is whether she will get up in time Saturday morning to catch the early morning train bound for Bordentown.

It is perfectly astonishing the "gobs" of news one can hear just by sitting in the drawing room at Grey Towers, and keeping one's ears open. They say Marsh Ortlip has gone to Atlantic City to stay indefinitely—that is until the salt air, or something, cures her cold. We also hear that her little shadow, Betty Wellbaum, has not as yet returned to school after "between semesters" vacation. Too bad!

Our friend, Kate Spratt, is spending the week-end of February 7, in New York City, with her grandmother (?). The following week-end she and Louie Rosenbauer are going to Washington, D. C. Wonder if it's a sight-seeing trip they're going on? They say they've already wired President Hoover to meet their special train. Hope he doesn't stand them up. That same week-end Alyce Shepherd and Ruth Freihofer are going to Philadelphia, while their roommate Dottie Stover, goes to Chicago to visit her big moment.

Oh! by the way, Mrs. Bishop tells the following joke about Dottie. It seems that D. S. phoned Gimbel's the other day, intending to ask for the hat department. Instead, she asked for the Heart Department. Mrs. Bishop asks if that isn't proof enough of where Miss Stover's thoughts are.

My, but there certainly seems to be a good number of Grey Towers girls attending various proms. Verne Frank is going to the Senior Ball at Immaculata College; while Hazel Butzer is going to the F. & M. Junior Prom. Miss Helene Heintzelman is contemplating a flying visit to Annapolis to go to a "Hop" with one of the future U. S. Navy officers. Gavina Walker and Meredith Steelman will be among those present at the Drexel Military Ball. Genevieve Schelling is attending the Vassar Prom, while her "side kick," Joy Sadler,

stays home to compare notes with Betty Brice, both having been at the Gettysburg Prom the preceding week.

Did you know that there are five new girls at the Towers? They are: Marie Condit, Marion Wallace, Janet Spangler, Arleen Lindsay and Elizabeth McCoy. Recognize the names? If you do, look the girls up and help make them feel at home.

One of these girls, Betty McCoy, has already left us, but only for the week-end. She has gone to New York with her friend, Mary Neimeyer. Wonder if they'll happen to meet Virginia Catlin, who is also visiting in the "big city." Have you seen Louie Rosenbauer proudly wearing a shoulder bouquet of pink paper roses, presented to her by the loving Freshmen who sit at her table? If you haven't you should. In fact, the sight was so amazing that this news hunter had to stop collecting news and go to bed in order to recover from shock.

## VOX POP

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 4)

With your influence, pop, we should be assured of longer and warmer baths for Prom.

Lena Genster

My Dear Lena,

You had in mind, we believe, that expression of Sir Harry Lauder, "An ounce of prevention saves nine." We'll forgive you, however for misquoting for we often do it ourselves. There is only one difficulty which confronts us in solving your problem—how can we get more hot water? But that's neither here nor there. The powers that reign in the boiler room will probably ask us for the reasons, a theme and an experiment to prove our point.

We'll try though Lena and if we don't survive, remember only this, we did our best.

V. P.

## Beclex Club Presents Quality Street

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

rows of seats are to be reserved. You may secure one for fifty cents, and you'd better come early. The other seats may be purchased for thirty-five cents.

You will enjoy seeing the old-fashioned costumes which will be worn and you may be assured that you will be favored with some delightful acting.

## Beclex Club Entertains John Potteiger

On Wednesday afternoon, January 22, the Beclex Club entertained at a tea in the drawing room of Grey Towers, John Calvin Potteiger, Director of Dramatics of the Harlequin Players of Philadelphia. This organization of semi-professional actors presents a play each month at the Plays and Players Club at 17th and Delancey streets. Mr. Potteiger has behind him ten years of professional training in stock and on the stages of the lead cities of the country. He stipulated that he should do no lecturing, but the members of the Club, by questioning him informally, gained much interesting as well as profitable information.

Tea and cakes were served, Miss Collins of the Speech Arts Department, pouring.

## OF COURSE YOU ARE ATTENDING JUNIOR PROM

## MOODS

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 2)

and this irritated me.

Why must this agony endure I wondered; why must we so often be locked in a prison of thought? Then my mind drifted to those things of which we have all thought at one time or another—the futility of existence and the meaninglessness of life. I tried in vain to think of pleasant things, and long-forgotten incidents of childhood crept back to me, not in pleasure, but in sorrow. The past seemed like a different life, a lost paradise. After the pleasures of that dream world of childhood, I felt that life had cheated me by disillusionment. I was disgusted with the human mind, its intellectual joys and meaningless knowledge.

And so I continued in my mental hell, feeling with loathing that thought was the only reality, that the world outside my window was strange and unknown to me, and I did not want to be a part of it. Before I fell asleep, one last thought burned in me with infinite sorrow, and that was, "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow must creep in this pretty space from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time."

I remember no more. I know that I slept and was rested and mentally cleansed by the peace of that unconscious world of dreams. At dawn I opened my eyes and saw the daylight peeping through the window, and the curtains blowing gently in the refreshing, fragrant breeze. The sound of the milk-man's wagon coming down the street, and the clatter of horses' hoofs on the pavement seemed cheerful. Again I felt calm and peaceful, and rejoiced that life was stirring outside; rejoiced that it was real, and that I was a part of it, and this earth was my home.

## AND AS GINNY ROSE WOULD SAY—

Perseverance  
Enthusiasm  
Notable  
Training  
Athletics  
Trips  
Honor  
Loyalty  
Obedience  
Nuff sed

## Music Students Give Recital

On the afternoon of Wednesday, February 5, a recital was given in the Beechwood Chapel by the students of the Beaver College Conservatory of music.

The program consisted of piano solos and duets and vocal selections. Those taking part in the recital were the Misses Lois Wallace, Charlotte Harder, Gertrude and Florence Greey, Kathleen Kains, Ellen Smith, Emily Mellon, Miriam Luekel, Edna Brown, Gertrude Bailey, Muriel Temple, Avis Kuhnast, and Frances Brown.

## LIGHT READING FOR MAID.

Eminent National Scientist (to maid)—Mary, have you been borrowing any books from my library? I see a volume on "The Molecularity of Zinconium," by Prof. Herr Tinschultz, is missing.—London Opinion.

## FROM MONTANA TO THE SEA

The Pacific ocean, the Gulf of Mexico and Hudson bay all receive water from Triple Divide peak, a Montana mountain.

## QUILTS AND INNER TUBES.

The mother who used to confine her patchwork to quilts now has a daughter who tries it on an inner tube.—Grand Rapids Press.

Nobody makes good socially until he learns to look interested when he's bored.

# Up and Down The Campus

Betty Gross wears Dr. Denton sleeping garments, hood and all. Charming little numbers. Address this column for list of shops carrying them or even ask Betty.

The "Glamorous Garbo" is in our humble midst. I can see at least four out of my five readers smiling to themselves at not noticing the resemblance between themselves and the fair charmer. But no—I refer to "R" Johnson. (She and Greta are both Swedish).

Those attractive little hoods our Freshmen are wearing first came into popularity in the day of the bicycle. Agnes, the famous Parisienne milliner, having been informed of the Froshs' need of a headgear, was inspired to create these chic little numbers exclusively for Beaver. Get your bonnet, now, Freshmen, before the other colleges start copying them and they lose their exclusiveness!

The Prom is going to be "Bigger and Better than Ever" so "Keep Your Sunnyside Up" and "We Won't Get (Home) Until Morning" this time.

Louise Martin attributes her success in winning that "man" to Pepso-dent. She claims to be a charter member of the Dentrifice Club.

I'm presenting Dorothy Stover with my copy of "Heart Throbs" or shall it be "Young Love?" I feel confident that she will treat it properly although its pages will undoubtedly be well-thumbed and awfully dry old dead roses leaves will be pressed lovingly within its sacred verses. But Dottie needs it worse than I do.

If all the pianos in New York were laid end to end, Helen Morgan would be sitting on one of them.

Best Pome: You kissed and told  
But that's all right.  
The man you told  
Called up last night.

(College Humor, of course)

Best Original Joke:

Can't get my adoring public to tell me what goes on in the way of amusing incidents.

Worst Original:

And then there was the inventor who made some home brew. As it was rather weak at first, he put it away in the cellar and labelled it "Potent Pending."

## Pentathlon Pledges New Members

(Continued from Page 1 Col. 2)

One of the unique features of this organization is that it is self-supporting. The various parties held throughout the school year are paid for by the club itself. The money is obtained from the sale of banners, pillows, and from the receipts of the annual musical play presented by the members of the society. In this way the girls become more enthusiastic and industrious as well as athletic.

Just another word about the individual prowess of each of the new pledgees. Emma Parry and Janet Schmertz were in the limelight of Varsity hockey while Ann Parry, Mildred Hayes, Jane Barr and Cloda Mick will be remembered as the very distinguished and outstanding stars on both the hockey and basketball varsity teams.

Good luck to the future Pentathlon members and may you prove yourselves as noteworthy as all your notable predecessors!

## COOPERATION A LA FRANCE

Student (speaking familiarly with teacher) Can you suggest to us an easier method of doing our French homework each day?

Teacher (of course, good naturedly) Well, each of you might take a turn at doing the homework on a particular night and making carbon copies for the rest.